*hoɣolo gərmamots nokun ɟuɣʌs gos* 000
*mur ɬaladʌni mo·ɬʌn* they call a woman who puts *gərmamots* in cooked green vegetables and eats them "*ɬaladʌni*". QUB.

*ɬɛ'da* pl. *ɬalde.iŋ* y order, command, injunction, instructions, — *iner ɬalda eti* give him orders, instructions. *ja ɬaldatsʌn turman etimi* he did a different thing from my orders, he acted contrary to my instructions. *uŋʌɬe manene ɬalda nɛ n'i gowʌsʌn apai.i* there is no one over you giving orders to say to you "go", there is no one to order you to go. 94.5.

(Cp. Sh. *ɬalda*).

*ɬalhərʌɣ* EOL *-ɬlo* pen for cattle.

(Cp, *hərʌɣ* and Kho. *ɬal, ɬal*, cattle-hut, *-ɬal* also occurs as a suffix in place-names in Nagar and to a less extent in Hunza).

1. *ɬʌma -mots* x candle. Ar. Prs.
2. *ɬʌma* y pl. tea leaves after tea has been made from them.

*ɬʌmaɣ, ɬʌmaɣ -iɬiŋ* y piece of net-work worn in front of eyes by veiled women. 291
— *ɬʌmaɣ biɬaiyʌs* to put on ditto.

(Cp. Kho. *ɬʌmaɣ, ɬʌmaɣ*).

*ɬʌmal* north. — *ɬʌmal yʌkʌl(ʌɬe)* northwards. Ar. Prs. 000

*ɬʌmɛɣ* and *ɬʌmɛɣ, -ʌnts, -ents* x four wooden pins fixed in yoke of plough, one on each side of the necks of the two oxen to keep them in position. 492

With the suffix *-ʌn* the form used is *ɬʌmɛɣʌsʌn*, not *ɬʌmɛɣʌn*, one neck-pin.

*ɬʌmɛɣents uyʌlʌs hər* (or, *ɬʌndər*) "an ox that breaks the yoke-pins" (said of a headstrong refractory person who does not conform to the

● 492 wishes of his parent or family. Cp. Engl. "to kick over the traces").

(Cp. Sh. *ɮamiɨ̈s* (pl.) with the same meaning, and Kho. *ɮamaɣuʷnu*, the strap connecting ends of yoke-pins under neck of ox).

241 *ɮadi -miq* y cut crops lying on the ground. They are spread out to dry for a couple of days and then collected by women who gather them up in double armfuls (*bɑɣu*).

ooo *ɮanʃ'er, ɮanʃer, -ɾiko* squinting, squint-eyed. — *ɮanʃerɑn bai.i* he is a squint-eyed fellow.

1. *ɮaq* awake, aware. — *ɮaq baiyɑm* I was awake. Cp. 264.24. *be, je ɮaq ba, ju* no, I am awake, come in. *je ɮaq ɑmɑɳɑm* I woke up. *ɮaq imɑnimi* he woke up. 260.15. *sis ɮaq umɑnuman* people became aware of it; came to know of it. *muʿ muʷmi ke ɮaq aiyoʿtom* without informing her father and mother. 244.14. *ɮaq guman* wake up! look out! take care; EOL.

(Cp. Sh. *ɮoŋ, ɮoŋ*, and *ɮ'aŋ*).

? *ɮaq* care, heed, attention. — *ɮaq na, ɮaq natɑn* carefully. *ɮaq na* (or, *natɑn*) *ɨ̈ru* take it away carefully. *ɮaq na oʷ* keep it carefully, put it away safely. *guɕor ɕɔr ɮaq ɕti, yaʿr na boreyor ɮaq ɕti* beware of using your voice, beware of looking down, i.e. take care not to make a noise etc. 50.25. *teʷruman muʿto ɮaq manɔ aiyeʿɕam* nowadays people do not pay so much heed (to it). 220.9. *guk'arɔr ɮaq ɕti, mak'arɔr ɮaq ɕtin* take care of yourself, take care of yourselves. EOL.

(This is probably the same word as 1. *ɮaq*).

322 a

000 needed animals in the world.

231 It is clearly and distinctly established that Tibet, for example, could never exist and people could never live in that part of the world if it weren't for the yaks and yaks are native only to that part of the world —yes, wild ones, I mean. That's where they were originally found and tamed. They still roam wild on some of the higher inaccessible elevations and plateaus in that part of the globe.

No one will attempt to deny that our cow is a most useful and practically essential animal. It gives milk from which we make butter, cheese and cream. We use the carcass for meat and the hide for shoes, baseballs and many other articles but, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the cow as it is today actually couldn't look after herself in the northern latitudes and pasture food must be provided.

[492] Well, the yak does everything a cow does. Besides that, it is one of the finest beasts of burden. Then, too, it is the surest-footed animal to be found anywhere. It can, and often does, forage for its own food. It can live off practically nothing. It is suspected that it can find sustenance in a bit of grass or roots or even a bit of coarse, uninviting (to any other animal) herbage.

[492] [241] Like our cow, it takes to domestication readily. Both the Tibetans and the Hunzans use them to work their fields and flail their wheat, barley and other grains.

231 237 [283] From the wool on its back, belly and head comes the toughest of woven fabrics, from which is made the sturdiest of clothes for the people and tents for their homes. Wherever you see rope in Hunza, you can be sure that it was made from braided or woven yak hair.

[291] [415] [501] The hide is used for most everything . . . boots and shoes, of course, and water containers and skin boats, which are the means and mode of transportation across and up and down the dangerous rivers.

As we wound along the trail and through the streets of the village, I kept looking around to see if I could spot the bit of meadow or field where the yaks would be grazing. I felt certain that if they were being tethered or kept somewhere that there would be some sort of grazing ground for them and I found I was right because, shortly, we came upon a bit of meadow surrounded by shrubs and trees. And sure enough, there were the yaks and the herders.

The first thing I noticed about them was that they seemed to be snorting like wild bulls. They breathe rather heavily and exhale sharply through their nostrils. The altitude at Altit was probably about the same as that of Baltit—between 8,000 and 9,000 feet—and that was much too near the level of the sea to suit the yaks who wanted it at least 11,000 feet. Undoubtedly that was the reason they were snorting and appeared somewhat uncomfortable.

I liked their rather shaggy, unkempt appearance. The woolly hair that grew around their head and on top of it, looked as though it had been curled. I didn't know whether that made them look ferocious or cute.

I took a keen liking to the strange looking beasts. But I'm not sure that they shared my feelings. At least, they didn't look as though they did.

I have read and been told that you can trust a yak implicitly on any trail. If it's safe and can be traversed, he'll make it. If there's any doubt, he'll be just as stubborn as any mule. Where the way or the road is extremely bad, he will refuse to go and only by brutal pounding and beating and dragging will he continue along the trail that he distrusts.

Through each yak's nose ran a rope—a good thick, heavy rope. This is used to guide or lead the yak, instead of a bridle and bit.

231 The yak is just about the same general build and also somewhat the same in appearance as a buffalo. It is considered to be, by zoologists, a distant relative of the American buffalo. In fact, when I first saw a yak, I thought it was a buffalo and in my mind's eye, I compared it to the buffalos that I had seen in our Canadian zoos or parks. However, yaks do not have that hump around the neck, and they seemed a bit smaller. They are quite shaggy and look wild and ferocious, which belies their actual temperament.

We did find, and I had heard this before, that yaks are very independent—probably the most independent of all domesticated beasts. You just don't take liberties with a yak. You treat him fair and square or he doesn't cooperate—at least not very well.

231 •492 I walked around them and examined their shape and form and was especially interested in their broad backs. "Ah," I thought to myself, "that's the kind of an animal I want to ride—where I can sit on a flat surface instead of the apex of a triangle." My posterior was still smarting from the few miles I had ridden astride my horse. Even with the protection of the blanket, his backbone seemed to cut through like a razor. Right there and then I just had to get up on a yak's back and have someone take a picture.

"This should make a good caption," I thought to myself, "Jack on back of yak!"

The yak snorted a few times before and during the time I was getting on his back. But a few words and a jerk on his nostrils by his owner and he remained more or less orderly, but eyed me suspiciously.

Their broad well-filled backs and the sight of their feet with the sort of second set of hooves, fingers or spavins along the forelock told me that what the Mir had said about a comfortable even ride was true.

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

They were obviously of American or European origin . . . probably grown from seeds that someone had sent him. Plants like zinnias, snapdragons and asters were readily recognizable.

Then, I was very much surprised to see in front of the bungalow, of all things, a swimming pool . . . and the youth of the district were swimming and enjoying themselves to the fullest possible extent. They were shouting, laughing, splashing and cavorting about just as you would expect boys and girls to do in any swimming pool in America. They displayed the same reckless abandon, glee and happiness that our children do.

At this time I thought to myself that here was another mark of the Mir's bigness. He was allowing the children of the town to make full use of his personal family swimming pool. This was quite different from what most people expect of eastern potentates.

I'm not sure that this little incident impresses you but I assure you I was quite impressed by it. It added to my conviction that the people of Hunza were really free and democratic.

A little way off were our yaks and their guides. "Let's go," I said to Jahangir and Sultan Ali, making straight for the yaks. "The Mir and Cec will be waiting for us, so I guess we'd best be off."

I selected the larger of the two yaks because I'm quite a bit heavier, or almost twice as heavy as Jahangir. I was assisted on to the yak's back and the yak didn't seem to be too happy about it! For the first time since I'd been riding, which wasn't very long, I felt really comfortable. The well-padded broad back of the animal was delightful to sit on and, best of all, he had a western style saddle. I'm always afraid of falling off a horse with those English saddles because I've got nothing to hold on to except the reins and for my kind of

riding, I need more than that. Here I didn't have any reins but I could put my hands on the horn of the saddle. This was a case where I had the horn to hold onto and didn't need it. With those scrawny, skinny horses I could have used that appendage but I didn't have it.

This is also an excellent time to emphasize that a yak, whatever his sterling qualities, is by no means ever a speed demon . . . and that is for certain. He is built for comfort and security and my, oh, my, how important that is in the Karakorum or Himalayan terrain. The usual expected speed of a yak is approximately 9 miles per day which is somewhere around 1 mile per hour. However, I did not complain of the time that it took us to get from Altit to Baltit. I was having the time of my life and for once I wasn't the least bit afraid of falling off.

The road from Altit to Baltit actually is quite hilly —precipitous and steep in some places. But true to the Mir's prediction, I felt neither ascent nor descent because of the flexibility of the yak's legs.

Here I was 8,000 or 9,000 feet up in the firmament windingly wending my way around ledges and narrow trails while resting comfortably on the back of a yak. For the first time since leaving Gilgit I felt no fear or worry while riding. The beast on which I was sitting gave me a feeling of confidence.

The top of the final climb took us to the narrow opening of the valley. Here, if you turned right, the road led to the polo field and old Baltit Fort; if you turned left, to the Mir's courtyard.

I noticed what I thought to be a particularly unusual figure coming from the opposite direction, heading towards the pathway that led to the Mir's courtyard. He was in the company of another individual

241 minerals and by allowing these glacial streams to be spread over the soil, the nutrients are left in the soil as the water soaks into it.

The principle of returning to the land that which belongs to the land has been and is, at the present time, scrupulously followed. The only farm implement which [407] I could find on the Hunzan farms was the primitive [492] plow and invariably it was pulled by a bullock. The plowing is never deep and is practiced chiefly to sort of clean the field, cover the organic matter that has been spread upon it or left upon it and prepare the field for the next crop.

[464] All the work that has to be done is done by hand—with or without the assistance of domesticated farm animals. There is no substitute for manual labor and the men, women and even young children share in the farm work.

[137] From what I could observe, weeds were not a problem and the reasons are clear. There are few indigenous, native plants in the area. Practically all of the growing plants that I could spy were in cultivated areas. The maxim in Hunza evidently is if a place can grow weeds, then it should be cultivated and usually that principle is followed. This all adds up to the fact that there are few weed seeds distributed in the area and therefore they are not in the soil to spring up, whenever the farmer's back is turned.

[134] I want to stress once more that the mineral requirements of the fields of the Hunza farmer are met and replenished by the fine silt, ground by the glaciers from the rocky surfaces and carried down to the Hunza farmers by the conduits and spread on their land.

Our modern civilization attaches great importance to and stresses the value of flavor and appearance in

123 and generously of their services.

Then, with sincere good-byes, good wishes and promise of the Mir to come and visit us in America, where I promised him the use of my home for the duration of his stay, the jeep was off!

We were following the same trail that we had come up on, only this time Cec and I were in much better shape than when we arrived.

492 'Twas hardly more than 15 minutes before we pulled up at the end of the jeep road. The horses were waiting. Mine was a big black heavy fat pony and, I quickly observed, a stallion, to boot! He looked a little bit too bold for me but the Mir had assured me that he was as gentle as a kitten, strong as a bull, fast, sure-footed and intelligent. The horse Cec was to take looked very much like mine except he was brown. They were two mighty splendid pieces of horse or pony flesh. There was another horse in the group which we presumed was to be used as a pack animal.

291 I noticed when Jahangir got out of the jeep and was walking towards the horses and bearers that he limped somewhat. He was still wearing the pair of heavy, thick-soled and metal heeled army boots with which he had set out from Gilgit. Somehow this reminded me of the folly of trying to beat a man at his own game. The people of Hunza have been living with and under these conditions for 2,000 years or more and it is somewhat superfluous to say that they would have gathered by now the right kind of footwear to put on their feet. And here is what I found.

Practically all of the children wore no foot coverings. They went about barefoot. This I do not mean to infer as being the case only around their homes, but on the mountain crags and trails as well. Most of the boys and girls were barefoot, but there were some who wore

out the services of a guide. 122

I can assure you that the Commander carefully selected the man, too. Although he looked like a boy, he was tall—about 6 feet 2 inches—lithe, alert, in fact, as smart and as capable a type of human being or soldier or both as 'twould be possible to find anywhere. Not that Jahangir needed it, but he certainly was in "high caliber" hands.

Bearing in mind that the two ponies we had were 122 stallions, I began to wonder if we might not have some 492 trouble on the trail, because Jahangir's mount was a mare. To you, this may not appear to be a genuine source of worry, because in the West the horses used for riding are practically always gelded and this eliminates any risk of difficulty. So you either ride a mare or a gelding.

I thought to myself, "What would happen if either 122 one of our stallion ponies began to get ideas on some of these high tortuous, winding mountain trails?" I knew from my reading that it does happen.

A man can work himself up into quite a stew by thinking of such things, and by now I was greatly worried about what would happen if my black stallion did become rambunctious on the trail. So I made up my mind that I would give that mare as wide a berth as possible.

I buried my worries by getting busy and snapping 342 a few pictures of the type of houses that we found [126] here at Aliabad. They didn't differ very much from those we found elsewhere. They were not as well built and as clean as those we had found at Altit, but they were still quite neat and tidy by most other standards. Practically all the houses are built one on top of the [361] other, as close together as the undulating region would allow, and it sure was obvious that a person couldn't

262 meals. By September, wheat replaces the barley, and fresh grapes, carrots, and some melons are available. The [273] grapes are either eaten fresh or made into wine; the supply of both is always exhausted by spring.

796 585 Tumushuling, the great winter celebration in mid-December, is a sort of delayed thanksgiving feast. December 19, the day before the Tumushuling celebration, is the day in Hunza on which all weddings are celebrated. Each bridegroom, accompanied by several of his friends, goes to the home of his betrothed and sits outside her door, which is kept partially open. Periodically, he hands in gifts of cloth, food, or perhaps even a dish or pan [431] from Pakistan. Meanwhile, his friends give chapatties with butter, a real luxury, to any wayfarers who may pass by—a custom that encourages some travelers to take circuitous routes in order to encounter the well-to-do [492] marriages. By evening the gifts are exhausted and the groom returns home, leading his veiled bride, who either walks or is mounted on a donkey. Tumushuling thus is a group wedding celebration as well as a harvest festival.

[643] [431] The Mir gives a small gift, usually a piece of cloth, to every bridegroom who comes to claim it.

585 583 As in most Asian cultures, Hunza marriage is civil rather than sacramental. The ceremony is really a not-too-symbolic purchase of the bride.